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POOLS IN THE SAND

"All divisions of sect or creed are like the pools upon the ocean's shore."

Phillips Brooks

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POOLS IN THE SAND

BY MARGARET MAY,

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IN December, 1890, Phillips Brooks (then Dr. Brooks) delivered a sermon, in which he used an illustration of the pools in the sand.

The whole spirit of the discourse was one of broad Christian unity. In his earnest, thrilling manner he exclaimed, "Oh, my people, if I have told you once, I have told you an hundred times that all divisions of sect or creed are like the pools upon the ocean's shore. When the sea of God's love sweeps over them, they will all disappear."

Having clothed the preacher's thought with my own, in the following verse, a mutual friend sent it to Dr. Brooks. He expressed himself as greatly pleased

with it, and gave me full permission to use it in any way I desired. It has been published in "The New York Observer" and "The Boston Evening Transcript," and is now placed in a more permanent form, with the hope that it may fulfil the desire of the preacher and the writer.

MARGARET MAY.

POOLS IN THE SAND.

I stood beside the sea one day,
The tide was low ;
With quiet flow
It softly lapped the ocean's rim,
Whose waving line, now clear, now dim,

Revealed the shelving sandy beach,
Where oft the waves
To watery graves
In quick succession swiftly bore
Each other as they climbed the shore.

The little hollows in the sand
Like silvery nests
Where sunshine rests,
Just for the time appeared to me
As lasting as the shore to be ;

But later when the tide had turned,
I found no trace
In any place,
Of all the basins, which had seemed
So lasting, as they brightly gleamed

Beneath the glowing summer sun :
Why had they fled,
Like bright hopes dead ?
Because the ocean in its sweep,
Had gathered all in one great deep.

Here in the pools upon the sand
I seem to find
Within my mind,
A type of Churches, Sects, and Creeds,
Established for the great world's needs.

Just for a while they will remain,
Each with its plan
For blessing man,
Till God's great love, like ocean-tide,
In one, shall all divisions hide.

Then, folded on our Father's breast,
Like tired child,
That wept and smiled,
At last, we all shall come to be
One Church, in its divinity.

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